

Coffee Pretty Boy? by claimingtheanonymous

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Summary:

“Coffee pretty boy?” He asked and felt the blood drain from his face as he realised what he’d just said...in the short time the boy had been here, he had become pretty boy...now Billy had just told him...he thought he was pretty.

Coffee Pretty Boy?

Author's Note:

This is my first go at Harringrove and I actually really enjoyed it!! I thought I'd start and completely lose it but...it was great! Lemme know what you think? Give me some feedback!!

"That was longer than five minutes boy!" Kevin, the fat bloke Billy had to call boss called as Billy made his way back through the grimy kitchen wrapping the stupid little apron back around his hips and running his fingers through his hair as he barged through the swing doors with his shoulder. The brightly lit diner was quietening off, finally. He was in for the night shift, 6pm till 3am when they closed up. It was Saturday night so he was expecting the place to pick up again toward the end of the night but right now, there was a family of four sat finishing off their puddings, a little old gent sat perched at the bar with a mug of coffee and the newspaper and just further down the bar, was a young man.

Billy stood still watching the man, he looked about his own age so... only just a man really. He was pulling off a large brown suede bomber jacket, one that Billy had admired not too long ago in the shop window down the street but that didn't matter. The man, hair half falling into hooded eyes, was pulling his arm from the sleeve of his jacket and running a hand through his shiny locks. He really was very pretty, Billy thought as he watched the stranger pull a book up and onto the bar, turning it over in his hand to read the blurb.

A quick look about the diner told Billy that there was no one in any kind of rush for him to serve them and so he made his way down the bar to stand before the pretty boy.

"What can I get you?" He asked, his voice husky as he swallowed down the nervousness that seemed to pulse from nowhere.

The man looked up, his warm, brown eyes making him look deer like in his startled nature as he met Billy's questioning gaze.

"U-uh...oh um...just a c-coffee." He stumbled over his words endearingly and Billy smirked as he turned his back on him and making his way down the bar to where the coffee pot was sat, making sure to sway his hips just a little more than he usually would.

Grabbing a mug, Billy carried the pot and mug back to the pretty boy, setting them down before him and pouring slowly, watching as his cheeks flushed sweetly with a pink colouring.

“Cream? Sugar?” He asked.

“Huh?” The boy looked up once again and Billy watched as the boy's tongue flicked out from between pink lips to wet them as he flustered before him.

“Yeah...both.” He told Billy with a nod and a deep breath.

“Alrighty.” Billy said, giving the boy one of his charming smiles before once more turning away.

Billy couldn't work out what it was about him that had him playing games. Well Billy knew that him being pretty had caught his interest, but he'd shown zero interest back. In fact, when Billy thought about it, he seemed like the kind of straight laced, straight kid that came from a rich family and looked down on queer, poor, working class kids like Billy.

A shake of his head had Billy grabbing the cream and sugar and dumping it back down in front of the boy, and turning quickly away and down the bar before he could make a fool of himself any more.

Billy spoke to the old guy at the bar for a while, before taking the family their bill and watching them disappear, clearing the table and serving the old guy kept him busy but every so often he'd feel the prickle of eyes on his neck. But he ignored it, for once actually doing his job well.

The old guy was just putting down the money for his four coffees and attempting to get down from the stool when a cough from the other side of the bar caught his attention.

Pretty boy was staring at him, when Billy caught his wandering eye he gave a slight smile and asked in a stronger tone, “Can I get another one?”

Billy didn't speak, didn't smile in response, just waited for the old guy to get off the stool and disappear out of the door, grabbed the money he'd left and rang it through the till before grabbing the pot of coffee and moving to stand before the boy once more.

“Coffee pretty boy?” He asked and felt the blood drain from his face as he realised what he'd just said...in the short time the boy had been here, he had become pretty boy...now Billy had just told him...he thought he was pretty.

Billy watched and waited awkwardly as the pink that had earlier filled the boy's face became even more pronounced.

"Yeah." He mumbled biting down on his lip gently, eyes dropping to the book open in his hands. Billy looked and noted he was staring down at the contents page and had apparently been doing so for the last half an hour or so.

"What 'cha reading?" Billy asked, placing the coffee pot down on the bar and leaning down and resting on his elbows, watching as pretty boy's eyes dipped down as Billy's half buttoned shirt gaped open a little more.

"Oh, Wide Sargasso Sea." He told Billy, flipping the book up to show him the cover.

"Never heard of it." Billy told him with a shrug of his shoulders, fingers twitching, wanting to reach out for the book.

"Me neither. Got to read it for class." Pretty boy said with a sigh and Billy saw his eyes drop once again to where his shirt is falling from his body.

"What's it about?" Billy asked quickly, not wanting any lapse in conversation. He wanted to know more about pretty boy, but didn't want to look like he was trying too hard.

Pretty boy looked up then giving Billy a smirk he hadn't expected. "How the hell am I meant to know? I haven't got any further than the contents page."

"When are you meant to have read it by?" He asked, adjusting himself to be closer, leaning over at a 90-degree angle.

"Tomorrow." Pretty boy murmured looking up through long dark lashes, his small smile making something in Billy's gut pull weirdly.

"Well fuck, you better get going." Billy told him, gesturing with a lazy hand toward the small book.

"Mmm, gotta pee first." Pretty boy said jumping down from the stool and walking toward the doors at the other end of the diner. And Billy couldn't believe his eyes.

The jeans pretty boy was wearing were the tightest things he'd seen in a long time, people in the hick town weren't quite as flashy as they were in LA. But those jeans were...unbelievable. And so was the ass underneath. The jeans fit like a glove and Billy felt his mouth fall open at the slight movement of pretty boy's hips as he disappeared through the bathroom door, leaving Billy behind the bar, mouth dry and feeling the beginnings of his want.

"Boy! Is it empty in there?" Came Kevin's voice from the back.

"No!" Billy growled back turning to see his ugly fat face through the small glass peek through.

"Do they want anything? Or can I go smoke?" He asked loudly, fogging up the glass with his disgusting breath.

"Just go." Billy told him with a quick wave turning back around as he heard the shuffling gait of his boss disappearing.

"Hey, you've run out of paper towels in there by the way." Pretty boys voice said, causing Billy's head to whip up and watch him walk toward him. A glance down showed Billy exactly what he'd wanted to see; after witnessing the glorious view that was pretty boys ass as it walked away in those jeans, he'd wanted to witness him from the front.

"Really? I'll get on it." Billy mumbled, feeling his mouth dry further as he took in the package hidden underneath the jeans, bulging with each of his fluid steps.

Billy almost groaned as pretty boy's crotch disappeared behind the bar and he watched him climb back onto the stool.

"Is it always this quiet this time of night?" Pretty boy asked, brown eyes bright as they met his.

"Pretty much. It'll get busier later." Billy told him, eye roving over his face, taking in the moles that littered his pale skin, one disappearing beneath his striped t-shirt.

"Can I smoke in here?" He asked.

"Only if you share." Billy told him with a smile, his tongue running across his teeth knowing he was pushing his luck.

Billy watched as pretty boys eyebrows furrowed over flushing cheeks, as he dug down into the pockets of the jacket hung on the back of his chair pulling a blue packet of cigarettes and a lighter from it's depths. He quickly pulled one out, laying the pack out of the bar and lighting the end, inhaling a few times, pink lips puckering around the end enchantingly before exhaling smoke up above him and offering the cigarette out to Billy.

Billy rolled the sleeves of his shirt up past his elbows before holding out his hand, fingers poised to take the smoking cigarette as pretty boy moved his own forward and if Billy hadn't been watching his face he would have believed it was an accident.

Pretty boys hand came with the cigarette and cupped Billy's hand as they passed the object between them. Billy on reflex let his pinkie finger stretch to touch the boys soft palm before pulling back and placing the lit cigarette between his own lips, feeling the damp end with his tongue.

Pretty boys eyes were alight as he watched Billy smoke his cigarette

and Billy thrived under his attention. Taking in a deep inhale of smoke he let it sit in his lungs for a moment before letting it seep from between his lips, his tongue making an appearance once more from between his teeth.

“What’s your name?” Pretty boy asked, the words almost tumbling from his pink lips.

“Who? Me?” Billy mocked looking around the empty diner and taking another inhale.

Pretty boy smiled again, his teeth taking his lip again and Billy found that it was driving him mad.

“Yes...you.” Pretty boy said.

“Billy.” He told him as he exhaled smoke and passed the cigarette back, their fingers brushing against one another once more, lingering in the others presence.

“I’m Steve.” Pretty boy told him. “But...you can keep calling me pretty boy.”

Billy grinned then, finding the brown eyes of pretty boy...Steve, lit up brightly under the harsh lighting of the diner.

“Is that so?” Billy questioned standing up from the bar, hands resting on the counter as his head cocked to the side.

“Yeah.” Steve said with a shrug as a soft smile lit up his face, a blush colouring his cheeks once more.

“Mmm, well Steve...how about you give me your number and I’ll think about calling you pretty again?”

Steve grinned then, holding a hand out toward Billy, Billy quickly pulled a pen from the pocket of the stupid apron tied around his middle and handed it over.

He watched in fascination as Steve opened his book to the very first, blank page of the book and began scribbling something onto it, before ripping the page from the book, folding it in half and sliding it across the counter. Billy took it up in his hand and before he could open it, he looked up to find Steve off the stool and shrugging back into his jacket.

“Where are you going?” Billy asked before he could stop his mouth.

“Home. I’ve actually got to read this book and I don’t need...pretty boys distracting me.” Steve said smiling at Billy before turning around and leaving through the door, the bell ringing loudly as he went.

Billy stood there in shock. His tongue running absentmindedly over his teeth as he watched the tight ass disappear beyond the light of the

diner. He looked down at the ripped page from a book. He took it in his hands and unfolded it quickly reading the line twice through and then chuckling into the empty diner, something twisting and pulling deep down in his gut.

Pretty boy, you better ring. Otherwise I'm getting in deep shit with the library for no reason. Pretty boy x

Author's Note:

I'm on [tumblr](#) | btw, come say hi!